

# The Cult of Ray

Frank Black

What is there to say?  
Still I can't be silent  
Hear the cult of Ray  
And you'll be enlightened  
People they're no fun  
I saw Raymond speak one time, he said hello  
And as he opened up my mind, so fried and battered  
I heard his words so very fine so high above this constant dripping  
chatter  
Young sharks feeding on the scrapple  
And upstarts on your Adam's apple  
And you can't hear yourself in all this babble  
And are you feeling role strain  
Melting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal again?  
In a dark place  
In the deep sky  
Is an old man  
In a coffee can  
And he's waiting  
In the old rain  
In the deep sky  
And he's waiting  
Hear the cult of Ray  
Fear the boy as tyrant  
People have a way  
When their mood is violent  
People they're no fun  
I have a century in mind, wait, oh no  
At least two centuries in mind, say, it doesn't matter  
This rock is turning into sand while we are drowning here in our own  
shatter  
You can't eat dirt cause it tastes so awful  
Like no sugar in your Turkish coffee  
And I can't smile cause I got me a mouthful  
And I've been grinding this grain  
Melting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal  
Melting rock into metal again  
In a dark place  
In the deep water  
Is an old man  
In a coffee can  
And he's waiting  
In the old rain